

# THE KAZOO KICKER



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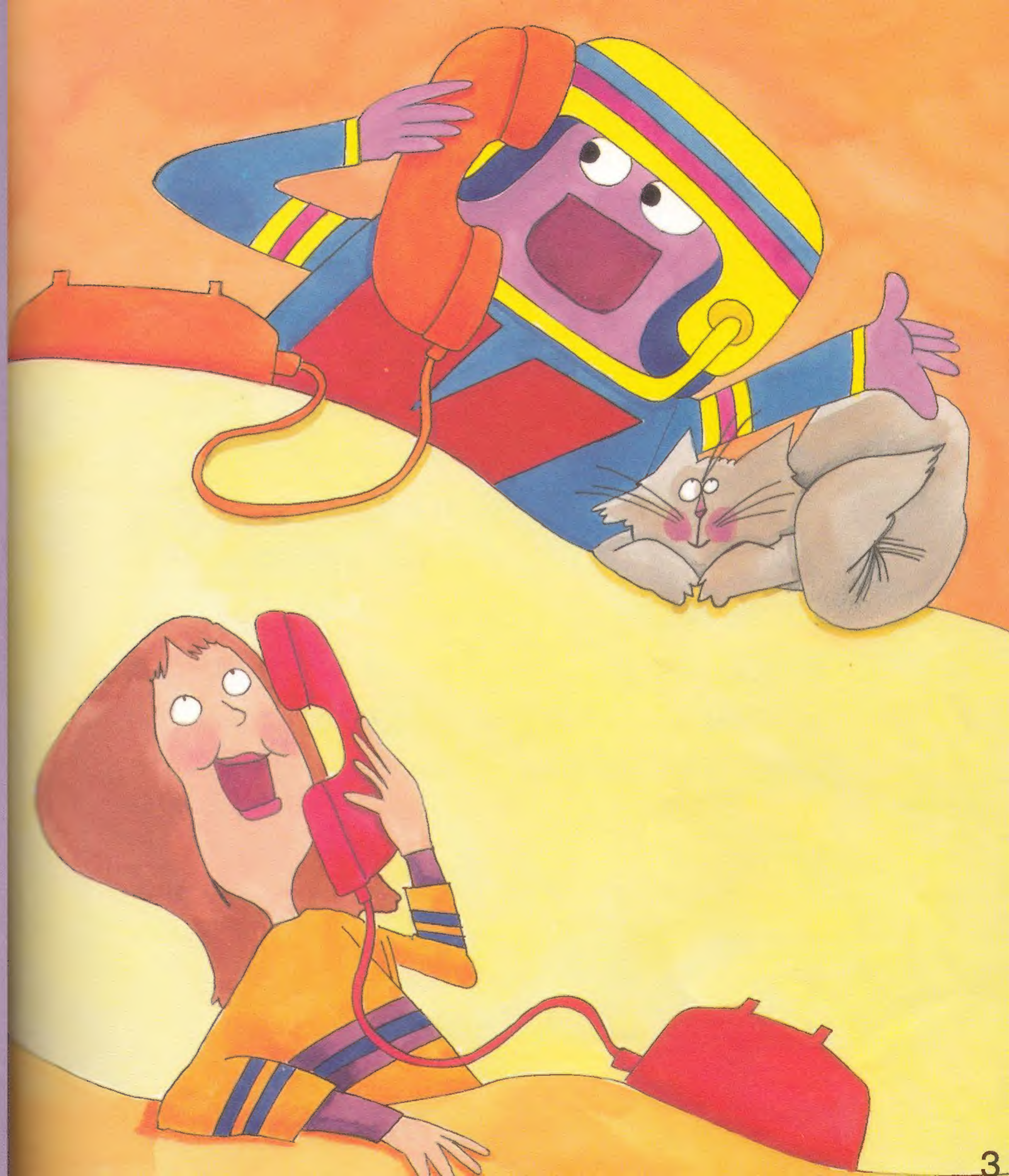


Mr. K loves to kick a football.  
He practices kicking every day.  
Mr. K learns to kick very well.  
But Mr. K kicks in an unusual way.  
Before every kick, he toots his kazoo.





Mr. K wants to be a kicker for the Kookaburras,  
the famous Klanksville football team.  
One day the coach of the Kookaburras telephones Mr. K.  
“I’ve heard you are a good kicker,” says Coach Kelly.  
“I want to visit you to watch you kick.  
If you are a good kicker, you may join our team.”  
“I am so excited!” cries Mr. K.  
“I will practice extra-hard every day until you come.”  
Mr. K rushes to tell everyone about Coach Kelly’s call.





The next day the children come to watch Mr. K practice.  
Mr. K kicks and kicks and kicks.  
Of course, before every kick he toots his kazoo.  
“Watching you kick is fun,” say the children.  
“We want to cheer for you in a special way.  
We’ll be back in a little while with a surprise,”  
they say as they run away.  
When the children return, they are all giggling.  
“What are you hiding behind your backs?” asks Mr. K.  
“You’ll hear,” smile the children.





“Mr. K, close your eyes,” laugh the children.

“Listen to us cheer for you.”

Mr. K closes his eyes.

He hears the sound of many kazoos.

“Every time you kick a good kick,  
we will toot our kazoos,” smile the children.

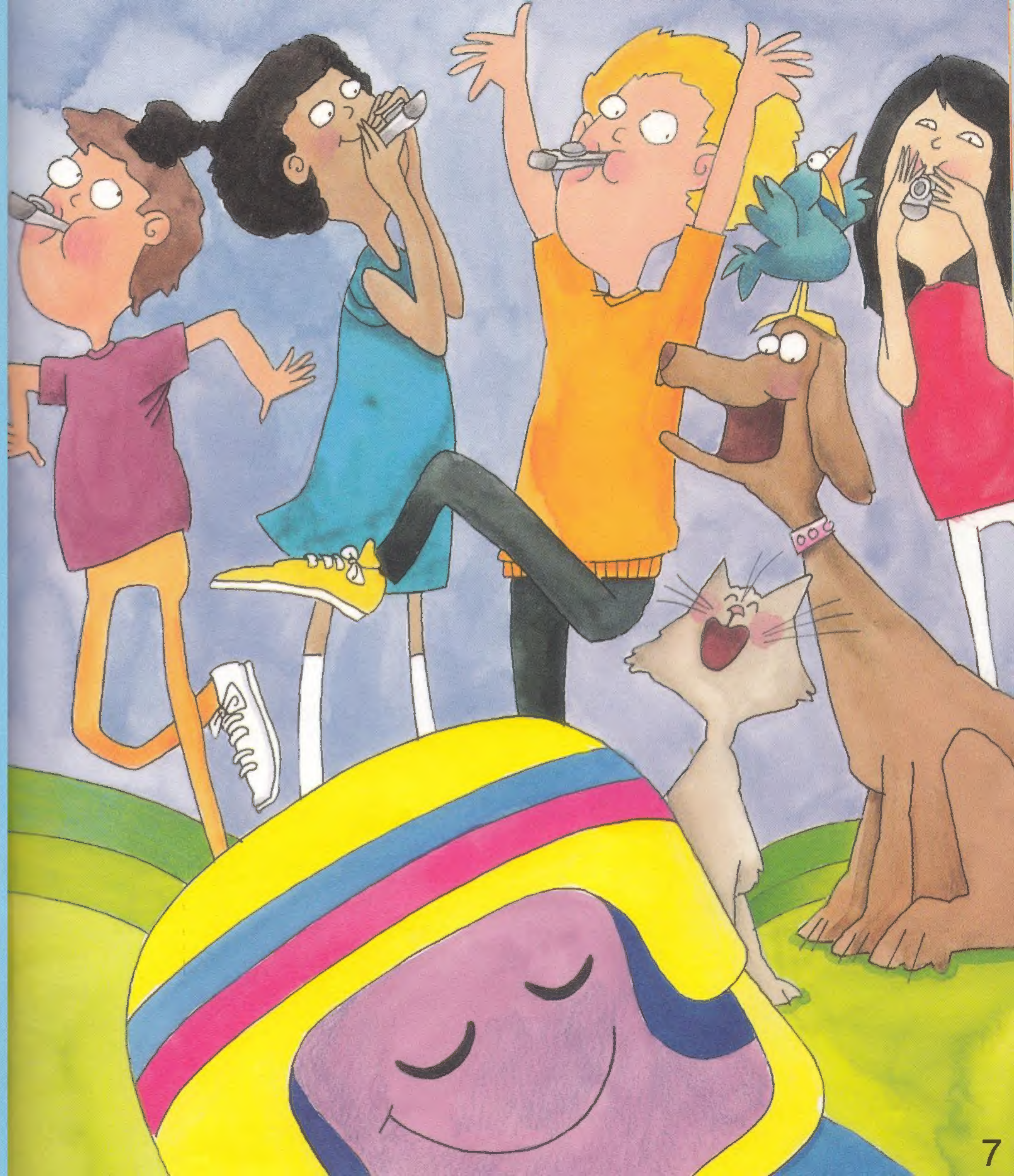
The animals and the birds cheer for Mr. K too.

The dogs howl.

The cats meow.

The birds chirp.

“Everyone is cheering for me,” smiles Mr. K.





Mr. K practices and practices.

Finally Coach Kelly arrives in Mr. K's neighborhood.

"Why are people wearing earmuffs on such a warm day?" Kelly wonders.

"Where can I find Mr. K?" Kelly asks a woman.

"Listen, you can hear Mr. K and the children tooting their kazooos," says the woman.

"Why is Mr. K tooting a kazoo?" asks Kelly.

"He told me he was practicing kicking."

"Kazooos, kicking, and Mr. K go together," smiles the woman.

"I don't understand," says Kelly, shaking her head.





Kelly follows the kazoo sounds until she finds Mr. K.  
“Hello, Mr. K, I am Coach Kelly,” she says.  
“Hello, Coach Kelly,” shouts Mr. K.  
“Watch me kick.”  
Mr. K toots his kazoo and kicks.  
The children toot their kazooos.  
The dogs howl.  
The cats meow.  
The birds chirp.  
“Now I know why people are wearing earmuffs,”  
says Kelly, covering her ears.





Kelly watches Mr. K kick and kick.  
A neighbor gives her a pair of earmuffs to wear.  
“Mr. K is a very unusual kicker,” thinks Kelly.  
“But he is a great kicker.  
I need him for the Klanksville Kookaburras.”  
“Mr. K,” shouts Kelly, “stop kicking.  
You may be on the team.  
Be ready to play at our stadium tomorrow.”  
“Hurray! Hurray!” everyone shouts.  
“Mr. K will be there.  
We’ll all be there.”





The next day Mr. K, the children, the neighbors, the dogs, the cats, and the birds all go to Klanksville. Mr. K sits on the bench.

“When do I kick?” asks Mr. K.

“Just wait,” says Kelly, “and you’ll get a chance.”

Then the other team scores a touchdown.

“Our team is losing,” says Kelly.

“Mr. K, show us what you can do.”

“I am so excited,” says Mr. K.

He touches his pocket to make sure his kazoo is there.

He runs out onto the field.





There is not a sound in the stadium.  
Everyone has heard about Mr. K, the great kicker  
from Letter People Land.  
Suddenly everyone starts laughing.  
“Oh, no!” says Kelly.  
“Mr. K has his kazoo in his mouth.”  
She rushes to Mr. K.  
“Mr. K, you cannot have a kazoo in your mouth.  
It is dangerous in a football game.  
Give me the kazoo,” says Kelly.





“But I can’t kick well if I don’t toot the kazoo,”  
says Mr. K.

“Mr. K, you are a great kicker,” says Kelly.

“The kazoo does not help you kick.

Now kick without it!”

Kelly leaves the field carrying Mr. K’s kazoo.

Mr. K kicks.

It is not a good kick.

Klanksville does not score.





Mr. K walks back to the bench.  
The children call to him, but he keeps his head down.  
“Don’t worry, Mr. K,” says Kelly.  
“You’ll kick a great kick next time.”  
“I won’t if I can’t toot my kazoo,” says Mr. K softly.  
“Mr. K, you don’t need a kazoo to kick a great kick.  
I picked you for the team because I believe in you.  
Now you have to believe in yourself,  
not in your kazoo,” says Kelly.  
Mr. K listens, but he doesn’t say anything.



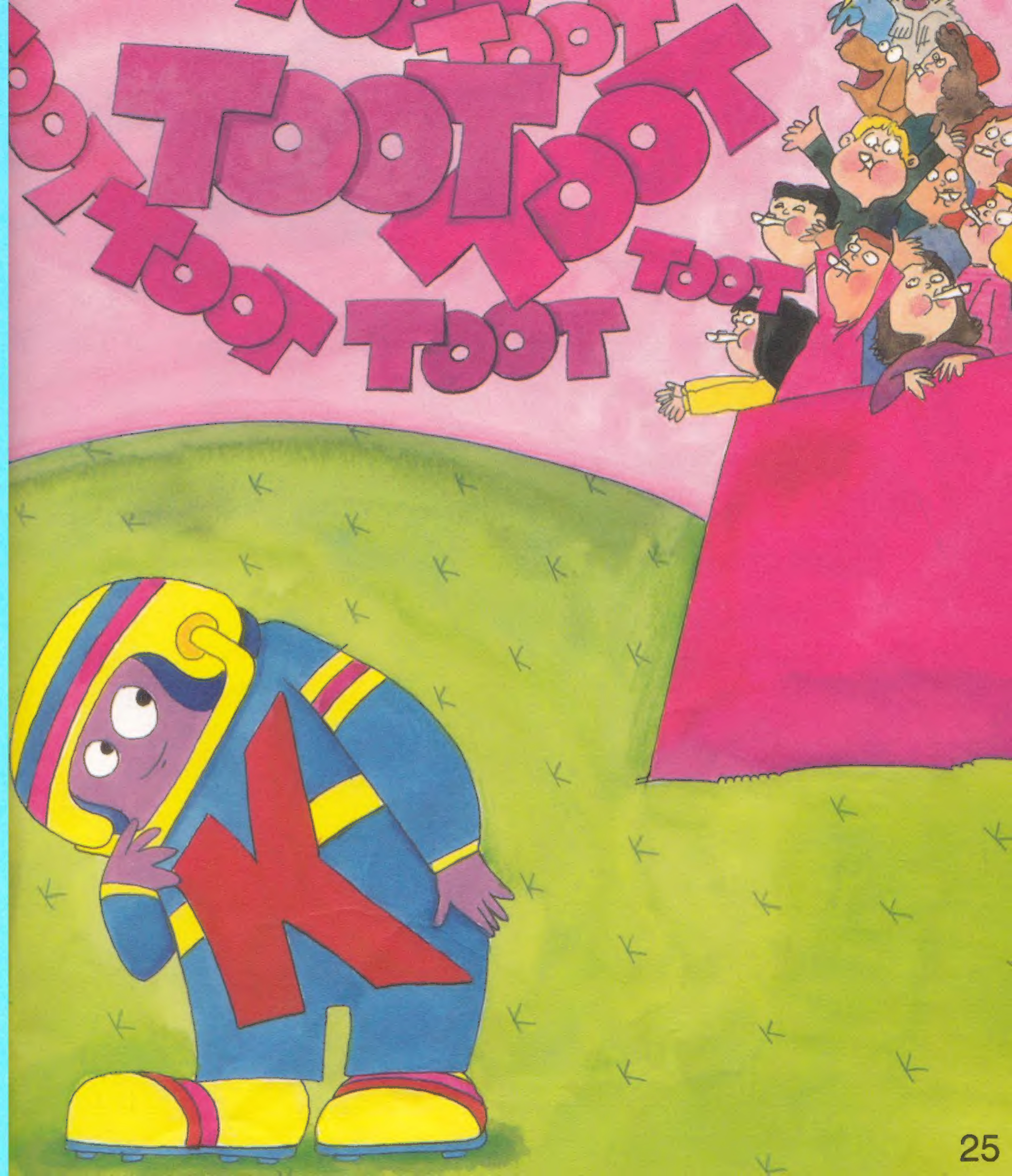


Mr. K sits on the bench.  
It is nearly the end of the game.  
The Klanksville Kookaburras are losing.  
“Mr. K, this is your big chance,” says Kelly.  
“Kick a great kick and we will win the game.  
You can do it!”  
“May I have my kazoo?” asks Mr. K.  
“No!” says Kelly.  
“You don’t need a kazoo to kick a great kick.”  
“Oh, yes I do,” thinks Mr. K, as he walks out  
onto the field.





Mr. K is very worried about kicking without his kazoo.  
He just stands and looks at the ground.  
“Mr. K, Mr. K, get ready to kick!” shouts Kelly.  
Sadly, Mr. K gets ready.  
Suddenly he hears the sound of many kazoos.  
Mr. K smiles.  
“The children are cheering for me even before I kick.  
I must make them proud of me,” thinks Mr. K.





Mr. K kicks the greatest kick he has ever kicked.  
“I did it, I did it!” shouts Mr. K.  
“I kicked a great kick, and I didn’t toot my kazoo.”  
Mr. K feels himself being lifted off the ground.  
One of his teammates carries him around the field.  
“Your kick won the game,” shout all the players.  
“Welcome to our team.”





The fans cheer and cheer.  
The children toot their kazoos.  
The dogs howl.  
The cats meow.  
The birds chirp.  
Mr. K rushes to the children.  
He hugs and kisses each one.







Mr. K is now called  
***The Kazoo Kicker***  
because his fans cheer for him  
by tooting kazooos.

